





# EVENING BULLETIN.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1857.

**THE FINAL ARCTIC SEARCH.**—The vessel selected by Lady Franklin for this enterprise is a screw steam yacht, the Fox, schooner-rigged, diagonally planked, built for the late Sir Richard Sutton, and now lying at Aberdeen. This vessel is to be strengthened for the service she is to enter upon and at once got ready for sea.

She sails about the last of June, and will be commanded by Captain McClintock, of the Royal Navy, who has already conducted one expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

It is stated on good authority that the extent of coast line which has been already traversed by the searching expeditions of the British government is 6,500 miles. There remains to be explored only 370 miles. Professor Haughton (of the Royal Irish Academy) says that an expedition consisting of 100 persons might be expected to traverse from 7,000 to 10,000 miles in sledges in a single year.

It is proposed by Capt. McClintock to make his way down Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence through Bellet's Strait, into the field of search; or to attack it directly, if he deems the state of the ice to justify the step, by going down Peel Sound, which he has good reason to believe to be a Strait. If the ice will permit him to pass through Bellet's Strait or go down Peel's Sound, he will abandon the idea of taking his ship through the conjectured Northwest Passage, and, leaving her in safety in Prince Regent's Inlet, will proceed to make the search for the missing ships, Erebus and Terror, by sledding parties.

**THE CITIZEN GUARDS.**—This fine company is now thoroughly organized, the following gentlemen being the permanent officers:

Chas. D. Pennebaker, Captain; Redick D. Anderson, 1st Lieutenant; Alex. Casseday, 2d Lieut.; J. H. Morton Morris, 3d Lieut.; John D. Pope, Orderly Sergeant; Jas. H. Huber, 2d Ord. Sergt.; Wm. Preston Johnston, 3d Ord. Sergt.; Patrick Joyce, 4th Ord. Sergt.; John Jones, Jr., 5th Ord. Sergt.; Henry Chambers, 1st Corporal; Jas. A. Beattie, 2d Corp.; J. S. Morris, 3d Corp.; S. S. Craik, 4th Corp. Sergeant Maj. Hawley, instructor in drill.

The uniform will be completed in about two weeks. The next regular meeting will be on Saturday night at 8 o'clock, in the court-house. Drills every day at 6 and 8 P. M.

**CROSSING THE PLAINS.**—We learn from the Greenfield (Mo.) Southwestern that emigration to California is greatly on the increase in that part of the State—never before having been greater, if equalled, unless in the years 1851-52. As many as twenty wagons a week have passed through Greenfield, this spring, bound for California; and it is thought that seven thousand head of cattle have gone from that county, and twice as many from Greene.

**MORE MURDERS BY THE INDIANS.**—The Henderson Democrat, of the 4th, learns from the Sioux agency that one of the two friendly Indians sent out by Agent Flandrau to purchase the two remaining female captives of the hostile Indians has been murdered by those rascals and all their goods taken possession of! One of the Indians escaped to tell of the result of the expedition.

**THE MAQUETTE EXCELSIOR** says the mob which broke open the jail at DeWitt, Iowa, and took out Barger and hung him, was led by H. K. Landis, postmaster at Iron Hill, Jackson county, who adjusted the rope at the execution. E. Mason, justice of the peace, was a prominent figure in the mob.

**SHOOTING BUFFALOES WITH PEPPERCOINS.**—There is that in a right spicy contest of any sort which warms the blood. Be it a hand to hand encounter with fists, claymores, or clubs, pistols or blunderbusses, or a war of words, or simply a conflict of political opponents, it certainly does create a fresh glow about the gills of the heart, be the sympathies of the looker on what they may. But the weapon must be proportionate to the game, and the shooting of grizzlies with duck shot, or of buffaloes with paper pellets, or of whales with carpet tacks, are all proceedings only to be laughed at.

Paul H. Dennis, local mail agent in this city, has just been out on a hunt after the largest species of game with not what we believe and certainly what has not proved the best chosen kind of ammunition. The Mayor in all his length was up before Judge Drummond yesterday, upon a complaint, preferred by the sharp set mail agent, for stealing the Government mail bags! There had been a search warrant, and numerous sacks at the Summit were emptied of their peaceful agricultural products and brought to town by the local mail agent, to be turned to damning proof against the ex-M. C. The sacks in question were the coarse duck sack, or bag, used for the transmission of "Pub. Doc's" to members of Congress, in which capacity Long John had received some dozen or more of them. It was shown in evidence that M. C.'s never returned these sacks. That Judge Douglas never had returned them in any case; that they passed by common acceptance as envelopes, and were not mail bags at all.

Thus "bang" went Mr. Dennis's gun, and not a feather was disturbed. The Mayor came off with flying colors, Judge Drummond refusing to hold him to bail. The court room was crowded with spectators, and the farce was a taking one.

Chicago Press, June 10.

**MOB LAW AT FLORENCE, N. T.**—The Davenport Gazette is indebted to a friend for the following extract from a letter dated Florence, Nebraska, May 29, and written by Mr. T. McGarran, formerly a resident of Davenport:

We have had a very exciting time here to-day. Some six or seven men were arrested for claim jumping. One o'clock this evening was the time appointed for trial, and the whole town was present. The prisoners were brought up tied together, tried by the club association and condemned. Death was the penalty. Ropes were procured, and I thought for sometime they were sure to be hung according to sentence, and I now think that had it not been for an old gray-headed father pleading for his son and sons-in-law, and the tears of his wives and sisters they would have been hung. A number of speeches were made in favor of death, but the final result was, three were set free on condition that they would do right and be honest in future, confessing their fault and releasing their right to the claim. The other four were sent across the river accompanied by 150 men, with a resolution that if they ever set foot again on Nebraska soil they would be hung.

**A Model Peer.**—The Earl of Orford, in reply to an application made to him by the Secretary of the Norwich Bible Society to take the chair at their meeting, writes as follows: "Sir: I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter—surprised because my well known character should have exempted me from such an application, and annoyed because it obliges me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming table—I have lately taken to the turf—I feel I frequently blaspheme—have never distributed religious tracts. All this was well known to you and a fit person for your president. God forgive your hypocrisy. I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints. I am sir, &c., (signed) Orford."

**FURTHER FROM VENEZUELA.**—The Late Marriage Case.—A correspondent of the New York Herald communicates the following:

By the latest arrivals from Venezuela we have received the particulars of a most singular and extraordinary occurrence, which has lately transpired in Caracas, and which has caused a good deal of feeling among the native population, but still more among the Protestants, and especially the English residents. From the chief official position of one of the chief parties, the papers have kept silence on the subject, the only mention of it being an article inserted under the head of "communications" (articles communicated), and which was signed by "Unos Protestantes." The occurrence was no less than the union of a step-father to the daughter of his lately deceased wife. The point that more especially touched the English residents was, that the ceremony was performed by the British Charge d'Affaires, and at the office of the British legation, fairs, and at the office of the British legation. From our correspondence and the papers published there we gather the following as the facts of the case:

Dr. Ciego Bantista Urbaneja, a lawyer of high standing in Caracas, married, some years ago, a widow lady, who had several children by her first husband. Little more than eighteen months ago she died, and at the time of her decease one of her daughters was fully grown. This daughter, and in twelve months after the death of the wife and mother was married to the step-father, and still more, the ecclesiastical law among the Catholics has ever been, on such subjects, more stringent than among Protestants, although dispensations are frequently given for particular cases. The Archbishop of Venezuela was applied to for one in the case in question, but an unhesitating refusal given. It is reported that application was then made to the Pope, but with the same result. Efforts were then made to see whether the ceremony would be solemnized in Curaca, under the Dutch Government, but unsuccessfully, as in some of the West India Islands.

In the last resort, and after every exertion elsewhere had been made, application was made to Mr. Bingham, his British Majesty's charge d'affaires—English ministers and consuls, resident in foreign countries, being authorized to solemnize the marriage rite, after the form of the Church of England, where one or both of the parties are British subjects. In the present case the father of the intended wife was an Englishman, though the mother was not, and Mr. Bingham had no difficulty in uniting them, and the sacred rite was performed by him. The enormity of such a connection was only equalled by the conduct of the high functionary who officiated at the ceremony—a ceremony which attempted to justify a union which the whole civilized world now, by common consent, regards as scarcely less than incest.

The above are the main features of the case. The Catholic population are not a little excited about it, and the Protestant still more so. The latter are loud in their denunciations, while the former feel it the more keenly, as the parties are both Catholics, who had applied in vain to their own authorities and their own church; after failing to have it sanctioned there, they applied to a Protestant Charge d'Affaires. They are now subject to the taunts of the native population as sanctioning such an unholy alliance. The case is somewhat aggravated by the fact that the ceremony was performed by the British Charge. Were it merely by a private man or clergyman, the act could be treated as an individual misdemeanor by a man unfit for his calling, but the high official position of one of the chief actors puts a different aspect on the matter. The Protestant residents there have done all they could to disavow any sanction of such a marriage, and have made a public protest through the press. Mr. Bingham, the Charge d'Affaires, is the brother of the Earl of Lucan, of Crimean notoriety.

**HOFFMAN, THE NOVELIST.**—The editor of the Pittsburg Journal writes to his paper a description of a visit to the Pennsylvania Insane Asylum, at Harrisburg. Among the inmates is Charles Fenn Hoffman, the novelist, his interview with whom he describes as follows:

I return for a moment to the men's wards. Loitering behind my companions, I found Dr. Curwen formally introducing them to a patient who had just emerged from his chamber. He is a tall, spare man, moving heavily, with a slight stoop, and simply a conifer, and supporting himself with a cane. A mass of long, black hair droops in disorder over a noble forehead; the eye is dark and deep, and sweeps over the visitors with a quiet power, altogether unlike madness. The nose is large, somewhat irregular in outline, but finely cut about the nostril, which is expanded and rounded with grace and strength, indicative of talent, if not of genius.

He remembered an excursion in the saddle over Coal Hill, which he shared with some eight or nine young people, and of which he made brief mention in his book of personal adventure published some of. I tried to remember by reproducing a compliment he had there recorded of a spirited young lady who was of the party: "accompanied by a pair of queen-like eyes." His countenance grew radiant with a positively sweet smile as he ejaculated, "Ah, yes, Miss S.—How is Miss S.?" I did not tell him he forgot that was twenty-four years ago, but evaded reply. I might have told him that Miss S. had been a wife and mother twenty years ago, and had long since passed away. I might have told him that, of the eight or nine young people who composed that gay and happy party, but two were now alive, and of them in a sad and decrepit old age, infirm, and almost an old man. "Alas for time and death and care, what shadows o'er our path ye fling!" But I did not. Let him cherish his pleasant delusion. Indulging the trick of his memory, which is a blank as to recent events, but singularly faithful as to the far past, I allowed him, unchecked, to send his respectful regards to Miss S., to Mr. W. R., and others who are in their graves.

"This is Charles Fenn Hoffman, the single 'author' of the melancholy household! His disease is of peculiar form, and, Dr. Curwen tells me, is the only instance he ever met with of hallucination of five senses—touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing. The most distressing indications of his disease are exhibited in his fancies that somebody is touching, or pressing, or pinching him; or that he sees persons or objects which trouble and disturb him. A trace of the aberration is apparent in his reminding me that our last meeting was many more than sixteen years ago, and with sudden turn forgetting the lapse of time, to make a polite inquiry after a young lady's health, as if he had parted with her but yesterday. The doctor tells me that he detects traces of insanity in Mr. Hoffman, but will ordinarily be pleasantly impressed by his elaborate politeness and courtly demeanor. His intervals of perfect tranquillity are rare, but he is as rarely much excited, and never violent. I hear with great regret that there is almost no hope of any permanent improvement in the case of Mr. Hoffman, and that our best expectation for him can reach no higher than that he may long survive, bathed in pleasant delusions of the memory, to do the honors of the house, and sadly to remind the visitor that between the towering intellect and helpless insanity there is but a thin partition, which a breath may abrade, or a blow destroy and break down forever!"

A correspondent of the Petersburg, Va., Express, writing from Murfreesboro, N. C., says:

Moneyed men in the lower counties have been greatly alarmed by the reported failure of the late cashier of the Farmers' Bank of Elizabeth city, and his failure may affect the bank very injuriously. There is a great run with these bills, and general distrust. His liabilities, it is thought, will not exceed \$65,000, and if so the results will not be so disastrous as some will imagine, as his assets are estimated at least \$100,000.

There is now lying at the foot of Pine street, East river, a small yacht, with the pretty and historical name of Charter Oak. She is sloop rig, and her lines, judging from the way she sits on the water, and bearing. The Charter Oak is now taking stores on board, the owner having determined to start for Liverpool in the course of next week. This is an undertaking of great daring, as the vessel is only of 23 tons burden. The canvas consists of mainsail, jib, flying jib, gaff topsail, squaresail and standing sail—spreading in all nine hundred yards. The hull is built of white oak timbers and frame, with mahogany keel; the deck is of white pine and the ceiling yellow pine.—N. Y. Herald.

(For the Louisville Bulletin.)

**PROSPECT FOR CROPS.**

HENRY CO., TENN., JUNE 11, 1857.

Messrs. Editors: Seeing in your recent issues notices of the prospect for crops in different sections of the country, I have concluded to give you some items in reference to the prospect in this region of country, near the Kentucky line. The spring here, as almost everywhere I have heard from, has been at least a month later than usual, or in ordinary years; and the month of April was throughout the coldest I have any recollection of ever experiencing, and I am now in my 51st year. Indeed, it was a real winter month in temperature; and at the close of it the trees and vegetation presented almost as bare an aspect as in mid winter. But the farmers had one advantage, and an important one, that they were in a great measure deprived of last year's good, dry weather in which to prepare their land for their crops; and good preparation is "half the battle" in making a crop. But owing to the continued cold weather, they have had great difficulty in obtaining a stand of corn. Almost every field had to be planted over the second time, and some I think the third time!

They have succeeded, however, in getting a good stand at last. The prospect for the wheat and oat crops is fine, particularly the latter; and, if the season continues propitious, there must be at least an average crop of these made, if not more. There is a prospect for a sufficiency of tobacco plants, but they are late and small and but very little has as yet been planted. If we can have a late fall, the crops of corn and tobacco will no doubt be fine; and we need not doubt but that the season will be a real winter month in temperature. Do you ask me my reasons for so saying? I reply, the predictions in the *Western Farmers' Almanac*, published by Messrs. Morton & Griswold, of your city. The weather calculations in that are made according to "Herschel's weather table," and I have procured their Almanac for a number of years and noticed closely their weather predictions and have found them to fail but very seldom. According to that, we are now having very rainy and somewhat cool weather and it will continue to be such until towards the 20th of the month, when the weather will become settled, dry and warm, to be soon succeeded, however, by showers again. Mark the predictions!

Owing to the bad crops of last year, corn and provender of all kinds have become extremely scarce; in fact, there is hardly any to be had in the country. Many farmers exhausted their supplies before the winter was over, and soon after the spring months (not spring weather, however) commenced; and the consequence has been that many cattle and hogs have died from starvation, as they could not obtain food to keep them alive. Some farmers having large flocks of cattle have lost nearly all. I am acquainted with one man who, out of a flock of twenty lost all but two.

We have fine growing weather now, and have had for a week or two past; and I do not remember ever to have seen vegetation put forth so rapidly. The failure of crops for two years, almost in succession, should teach the farmers a lesson by which to profit in their arrangements, calculations, and expectations. In order to insure a sufficient supply of food for their stock, particularly on the contingency of such winters as the two past, and such a late spring as the one just passed, they will have to make more hay, and resort to other means for the purpose than they usually relied on by them. And I know of no crop that promises to be so well adapted for this purpose, and that can be so successfully raised, as the sorghum or Chinese sugar cane, as it can be made to produce two crops of fodder in the same season, and that of the best kind. The great quantity, too, which it will yield to the acre (six to eight tons) commends it to their attention. Let them give it a fair trial.

I am most respectfully yours, &c., J. R. H.

**A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.**—By a letter from F. S. Murphy, Esq., of Geneva, to his brother in this place, we are put in possession of the following facts, regarding a most singular occurrence that happened a few days ago in the vicinity of Geneva. The letter is dated May 29, 1857, and says: "A very strange occurrence took place this morning, a short distance out of town, which has alarmed and excited the whole neighborhood. A family by the name of Dugan, living about one mile south of this village, on the skirts of the Geneva Woods, had their child, about two years old taken from the very threshold of their dwelling, by a large and ferocious looking animal, which immediately made off to the woods, and, before the screams of the mother had caused it to drop its prey, had carried the child a number of rods.

This is the second time it has appeared and taken the same child. Tuesday morning it came out of the woods and took the same child from the doorway, and in spite of the efforts of the family, succeeded in carrying it about fifty rods into the woods, before it relinquished its burden. It is not definitely known what kind of animal it is that thus boldly intrudes on the rights of its human neighbors, but from the description given by the terrified family it is thought to be a bear. A large party of men have been on the hunt for it for the past two days, but thus far without success. They express their determination, however, to capture it if it remains in this part of the country.

This circumstance reminds one strongly of "frontier life." The animal has been seen several times this spring by persons at a distance.—Wisconsin Ex.

**STRONG WORDS.**—General Sir Charles James Napier, brother of the military historian, made the following entry in his "Journal," under date of January 30th, 1840, the anniversary of the execution of Charles I: "This day, my great, great, great grandfather, Charles the First, was beheaded, and well he deserved it; he was as Jesuitical, hypocritical rascal as ever wore a crown. He died with pluck, because he was in his right place, on a scaffold—not the right place as a king, but as a man. God rest his soul, but he was a bad king, a bad soldier, and a bad man." Rather strong language to use about one's ancestor, and that ancestor a king, made the entry in his "Journal," under date of January 30th, 1840, the anniversary of the execution of Charles I: "This day, my great, great, great grandfather, Charles the First, was beheaded, and well he deserved it; he was as Jesuitical, hypocritical rascal as ever wore a crown. 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